

The Voice Of Death

Dr. WEIRD: I'm the Strange Dr. Weird. Good evening. Today we're going to tell you a story "The Voice of Death." You seem a little nervous. Perhaps the cemetery outside has upset you, but there are things far worse than cemeteries as in my story tonight. My story The Voice of Death begins with two women resting and catching their breath in a high narrow canyon.

CINDY: Nancy, I am sorry that Uncle John didn't leave you anything in his will.

NANCY: Oh, there's nothing to be sorry about. After all, I was only your Uncle John's second cousin.

CINDY: Jane and Lily certainly were sad after reading the will this morning.

NANCY: Naturally, they were your uncle's nieces, too. Now, we'd better go back to the lodge.

CINDY: Isn't it a little dangerous being here in the canyon? If there were a snow slide, we'd be buried alive.

NANCY: It's not so dangerous. But, a loud noise or shouting might start a slide.

CINDY: A snow slide must be quite a sight.

NANCY: Oh, dear!

CINDY: Lose something?

NANCY: Oh, yes, my camera. I think I left it in the canyon. Oh! Cindy, would you mind getting it for me?

CINDY: Of course not, Nancy.

cross country skis through snow

Dr. WEIRD: Cindy skies back into the canyon to look for the camera.

CINDY: (shouting) You say it's on the trunk of the tree?

NANCY: (shouting) Yes. Do you see it, Cindy?

CINDY: (shouting) No, Nancy, I don't.

NANCY: (shouting) Perhaps it fell in the snow. Look around.

CINDY: (shouting) I am looking, but I don't see any sign of it.